

# THE PARADIGM OF ETERNITY



PHILOSOPHICAL  
POEMS

SORIN CERIN

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**2018**

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## **Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation**

**PhD Professor Al Cistelean** within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where

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not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin,

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undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppcase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppcase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

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It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).



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On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the

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instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

**PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century**

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To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in *România literară*, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in *România literară*, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

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Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from

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the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some

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daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

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The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be

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born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free



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course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

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It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

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Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ...".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

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The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

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Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

**Ana Blandiana:** "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

**PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu:** "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

**PhD Professor Ioan Holban :** "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

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fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

**PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan** : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,  
on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,  
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary

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to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

**PhD Professor Mircea Muthu:** "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

**PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu :** "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

**PhD Professor Ion Vlad :** "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the

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audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

**Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:**

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga ( through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of



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creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

**PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan:** "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

**PhD Professor Cornel Moraru:** "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

**PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:**"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence"

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has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

**PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru:** "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

**PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély:** "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

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**Gheorghe Andrei Neagu:** "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

**Marian Odangiu:** "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

**Eugen Evu:** "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author

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to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition .... How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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**1. Rains of Sentimental Storms**

The disheveled hair of the Dreams,  
hit by the breeze of the Dust,  
in which we have incarnated us the Horizons,  
falls, scattered, in waves of Glances,  
over the shores of the Primordial Word,  
who swim through the Blood which boils,  
in, the Memories,  
with clenched wings in the falling,  
of the Rains of Sentimental Storms,  
over the wrinkled face of a Time,  
drowned in a frozen Tear,  
from an Eternity of amber,  
what it had forgotten so long ago,  
by, the Steps that we have strewn them,  
among the petals of the Happinesses,  
that he began counting them one by one,  
to see which one is victorious,  
and the last one was,  
the Forgetfulness.



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**2. Towards a Purpose**

We washed our Births,  
with the Blood of the lacquered Questions,  
on the Parquet of Aspirations  
in the mirror of which,  
we were looking at the virtual Reality of Smiles,  
what bloom now,  
in the gnawed and rotten wood of the Steps,  
on which we have trampled them,  
running away from them,  
towards a Purpose,  
who lived in a rusty leaf,  
what it did no longer catch,  
the Spring of Eyes of Fountains,  
from which we to drink the Water of Life,  
up into the depths of the Destiny's Cup,  
on which we to break it at the soles of Death,  
as a gift,  
brought,  
to the Love,  
which, of course,  
it will cut its veins in his shards,  
committing suicide.

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**3. On the Zebra of Good and Evil**

Dawn, of Darkness,  
erupt from the Volcanoes of the Desires,  
what, have given up at Existence,  
throwing themselves into the poisoned arrows of the  
Words,  
which have not understood them the existential warmth,  
of the Passions,  
which, it was snowing, every time, when,  
the Sun began its refrain of the Day,  
washing His Thoughts,  
with a bitter coffee of Morning,  
for, to be as polished as possible on the face of Destiny,  
which looks through their lenses,  
the passing of Time,  
on the Zebra of Good and Evil,  
of Illusions of Life,  
which, they work busily,  
for Death.

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**4. The Dead, of Drunkenness**

The Horizon of Passions,  
satiated by the Sky full of, the degrees of the alcoholic  
Stars  
off the epaulettes of the Vanities, advanced in grade,  
decided to hide in the Night of Consciousness,  
where still groping and today,  
among the ruins of Promises,  
what have become Madame of girls,  
who have never been quite virgins,  
for Awareness of Existence,  
to the Brothel of the Expectations,  
where the Illusions of Life,  
they deliver as many Death,  
of, Drunkenness,  
dizzying the World in so much,  
that this also fell,  
through the damp ditches of Nothingness,  
of to give Birth ever,  
of an Absolute Truth.

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**5. Wandered on the streets**

Broken addresses,  
have wandered on the streets, without any destination,  
waiting to fall into their dry breasts,  
of rebellious Fountains,  
one Star,  
off the vault of a Zodiac of the Happiness,  
which to suck them,  
the Primordial Milk of Awareness of the Word,  
what gave birth to the Universe,  
of the fallen Eyes,  
from the cold and lacustrine Heavens,  
sprinkled by the Storms of the Tears,  
which wash the streets full of Loneliness,  
of the Wrinkles wandered, on the foreheads of Moments,  
in which we lose us,  
the Life,  
to the roulette of a Destiny,  
who has no chance,  
before,  
Death.

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**6. By, whose Cross**

The dissonant keys of the times,  
they set the arrival time of the train of the Existence,  
in the train station of the Births,  
where are so many smoked Words,  
by, the bacchic drinks of the Destinies,  
that they barely can stand on their feet,  
to create a Name,  
on which to we wear him,  
in the back of the own Illusions of Life,  
from a Cemetery drowned in the Blood of Destiny,  
by, whose Cross  
to we hang us whole Life,  
the Death,  
who lies hungry,  
in us.

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**7. At the wedding of the Incarnation with the Earth**

I was so far away,  
by me myself,  
that, I felt,  
that I need a Death,  
to I can come back,  
on the shore,  
where Freedom,  
has burned on the pyre,  
all the Moments,  
received as a gift from me,  
at the wedding of the Incarnation with the Earth,  
in which I was mixed,  
for to become,  
the dough,  
of the hot bread,  
of a Day,  
of Birth,  
which today,  
became the mire of a Remembrance,  
carried by Past,  
at the buttonhole of the Vanities.

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**8.    Seems disinterested**

I wonder, why did the Stars choose,  
the saddle of this World ?,  
on the whose vault of the Eyes,  
to ride the wild horses,  
of the Destiny,  
burned by the Sacred Fire of the Blowing,  
of some Horseshoes that have forgotten their Luck,  
in the Primordial Word of the Making,  
what seems disinterested,  
by, this bit of Breathing,  
incarnated in the Dust,  
being let to can love,  
in the will of Fate,  
even and Death.

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**9. The Heaven of Resistance**

Torture,  
is one of the most common dishes,  
served by the World,  
in the canteen of the poor with the spirit,  
who seek the eternal solution of Happiness,  
in the smithery where the chains of Destinies are produced,  
for the Soles,  
through which it tramples us the Heaven of the Resistance,  
at the Existence,  
dishonest and corrupt,  
of the Creation,  
ready anytime to explode,  
from the volcano of its Aspirations,  
too tight to longer endure,  
the tax due,  
to Death.



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**10. The deserted sand of the Hourglass**

Remorses, bitten,  
by the Winds of the Vanities,  
they stand at the closed windows of the Words,  
who have withdrawn their Hearts,  
off the stand of the Promises,  
where the Existence,  
it sells its, daily,  
its portion of Death.

Only the extinguished lanterns, of the Falling Stars,  
they still remember us,  
that, once, they enlightened,  
the existential Ways of Consciousness,  
on which the caravans of the Destinies were going,  
which have been lost forever,  
in the deserted sand of a Hourglass,  
whose leakage has ended,  
with long ago than all Times,  
of a Love.

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**11. Born with dedication**

The fountains of the sunsets,  
they give us the beneficial Water of the Blood,  
drinking by the Clouds of Questions,  
which are becoming increasingly threatening,  
over the fingers without wedding rings,  
lonely and deserted,  
of some Answers,  
which can no longer number,  
the Eternities of the Moments,  
who committed suicide,  
in the Life of a Love,  
born with dedication,  
to Death.

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**12. The Icons of the Torture, Makers of Wonders**

The saints Leeches,  
they suck the Blood of Conscience,  
leaving the weakling flesh of the Dreams,  
to fall on the bones of a Day,  
without spine,  
which leads in the gilded back with Sarcasm,  
the Knees without number,  
of the worships  
at the Icons of the Torture, Makers of Wonders,  
of an Existence,  
which it has reconditioned its Pillar of the Infamy,  
in a Church of Love,  
indebted with a Birth,  
to the Destiny,  
to which it enters,  
only if you pay the expensive price,  
of the Death.

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**13. Emerged from the genes of the Water of Life**

It was snowing with Promises,  
over the dirty snow of Love,  
which has oscillated,  
between the Absolute Truth of the Glances,  
and the Lie,  
emerged from the genes of the Water of Life,  
about which we are aware,  
as being the Beginning and the End,  
of the Universe,  
who wash us the solitary road of Thoughts,  
which we have transformed it,  
in rags to wipe the stellar dust,  
from the Word whose Destiny,  
met us,  
on the wet street and full of dampness,  
of the Death,  
of ourselves.

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**14. With the empty bag**

The Stars of the World,  
they lost their wedding rings,  
of the Existence of Being and the Becoming,  
in the ocean left vacant,  
of a Tears,  
which has become for us, the Water of Life,  
on which we to drink her up to saturation,  
then when we will drown,  
with Death.

The withered flowers of the Smiles,  
they still stand and today,  
in the vase of some Hopes,  
on which the Vanity has sold them to us,  
then when it came,  
from the hunting of Time,  
with the empty bag,  
of the Absolute Truth.

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**15. Which would have been the Sense?**

How much, Begining,  
of Tear of the Water of Life,  
would have had the Universe in him,  
to measure the Endlessness,  
of an Ending,  
sprouted, in the genes,  
of the own Awareness?

Which would have been the Sense,  
of the Holiness and Divinity,  
in the World of the Absolute Truth,  
un-mirrored,  
in our Knowledge,  
of the Good and Evil?

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**16. Is only one**

In a World of Landmarks,  
the only Truth,  
is the Disorientation,  
of the tongues of clock,  
which, they entangle at every beat of the Heart,  
of an alcoholic Moment,  
on which the Time has lost it,  
from the pocket of his own Vanity,  
the only one who understood,  
that the Sense of the Existence,  
is only one,  
The Death.

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**17. Freedom and Happiness**

After Death,  
the Freedom,  
is the hardest chain,  
linked to the throat of Existence.

The Happiness,  
has acquired more Tears and Sweat,  
than all the Nightmares of the Nights,  
from, the squeezed Hearts of the Fulfillment,  
together.



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**18. For we to become the Shadow**

The Absolute Truth,  
is a constant of Death,  
on which, we will not can be aware of him,  
more,  
than we know it, on her.

The Reality,  
of the Existence of Being and the Becoming,  
dresses the garment of a Summary,  
of the Torture,  
of to rebuild,  
the ruins left by the true Existence,  
which was mirrored in the primordial Word,  
for we to become the Shadow,  
of what we call,  
Essence,  
Structure,  
and System.

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**19. The ankylosed Time**

The Weather of the Times,  
came over the Eternity of the Moment,  
which has broken its Hourglass,  
what has weighed the entire molten lead,  
of the Existence of Beings,  
which was leaked,  
through veins full of existential arthritis,  
of the Time ankylosed by so many Illusions,  
what can barely go,  
in whose crutches,  
has made its vital space,  
the Awareness,  
of the Life and Death.

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**20. The Laws that pass**

The Primordial Word,  
was incarnate in the Energy of Existence,  
to give Sense,  
to the Universe,  
hit in the stellar head,  
by the Laws that pass,  
on, to the deep table of Silence,  
of the Gambling,  
what awaits,  
that they to be saved,  
by the liberating Death,  
of the Passions,  
of the Wishes and Hopes,  
who can not drown,  
in the troubled waters of Life,  
no matter how many thresholds would pass,  
the existential Cascades,  
from the soul pressed,  
of the Day.

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**21. Controlled hazard**

The democracy,  
is a controlled hazard,  
of the Holiness,  
which is claimed to be the Moral,  
what cut the navel of the World,  
at its baptism,  
with the Suffering of the rush after Happiness,  
which has no longer ended, never,  
being an existential Sense,  
of the Life,  
which, no matter how fast it would run,  
running away from the Cemeteries, from the own Blood,  
all, in the saving arms of Death,  
will perfect its Existence.

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**22. Evanescent**

The Absolute Truth,  
has created the most important game of the Existence,  
giving it to this one,  
Conscience which is Aware of,  
his own Person,  
Personalized,  
in the Knowledge,  
of Self,  
who gave birth to the Universe,  
with all its astral levels,  
from which we have incarnated us the feeling,  
carried, on the wings of Destiny,  
so indebted to the Death,  
that,  
even the shard of the Mirror,  
in which it is reflected,  
the true World,  
from, before us,  
whose Shadow we are,  
we, the ones of today,  
he cut the veins,  
of the boundless Horizon of the Eternity,  
since the Beginning of the Ages,  
giving birth to the Time,  
of everyone,  
Evanescent.

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**23. Bones**

How free are born the Dawns,  
until the Horizon puts the leash to the Remoteness,  
once it lightened up  
over the Present,  
of the Consumption Society,  
of the bleached Bones,  
by the Days that tear,  
the flesh of the Times,  
which have remained denuded by any content,  
only good to make funeral inscriptions,  
at the graves of the Histories,  
from the genetic Cemetery of the Blood,  
full of crosses of bones,  
pillars of bones,  
piles of bones,  
Words of bones,  
from which it remained,  
the Vanity.

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**24. Locking and opening**

We were born,  
for to dress us,  
the Words, empty of Content,  
who are lying down, shrivelling,  
by the cold of the lack, of Consciousness,  
on the veranda of the Eyes,  
what, they often close them, the Hopes,  
with the heavy lead eyelids,  
fallen from the genetic Heaven of the Un-chance,  
of the Illusions of Life,  
those of locking and opening,  
by the same Roads,  
of the Absurd,  
which lead faster or later,  
toward Death.

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**25. The air of some Heights**

Why, the Falling Stars, do not need,  
by the wings of the Boundlessness,  
for to fly,  
and the Angels fallen from the Heavens of Love, have,  
even if Everything,  
is subjected to a Destiny of the Death?

Perhaps because of the air of some Heights,  
whose Hierarchies,  
does not exist for the Universe,  
what seems not to have,  
so much human in him,  
compared to the created God,  
after the image and likeness of Man?



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**26. The Bells of a Requiem of the Happiness**

The wide brims of the Desert,  
from the worn hat of the Years,  
they cover,  
the Flowers of Smiles,  
off the wrinkled face of the Soul  
of a Time,  
tired of so much Holiness,  
of the Religions of the Debauchery  
from the topper of magician of the Absurd,  
who has handcuffed, his Eternity,  
transforming it,  
in the Bells of a Requiem of the Happiness,  
lost in the Tears,  
of a Death,  
unannounced,  
by no town hall of the times,  
where the laws are given to the Consciences,  
ever,  
somewhere sometime,  
in a World,  
of the Nobody.

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**27. Trying to we cross**

We measure the distances in Light Years,  
and Suffering and Happiness,  
in Holiness,  
without ever being able to appreciate,  
how much Divine Light we have wasted,  
trying to we cross,  
the roads,  
of the Perfection,  
which have bleached us the bones of the Moments,  
in the continuous struggle between,  
the uncertain Future,  
and the Past, on which we would like, to change him,  
by the greasy clothes,  
used at the heavy works of destiny,  
which put him, to do and to undo,  
the dirtiest,  
Happenings.

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**28. Like at Nobody Else**

Why did the Days have been born,  
in an immoral World,  
who pulls continuously with the eye,  
to the Empty Words,  
hunted by the existential Wind of Love,  
for to be put to dry the Tears,  
on the rotten fences,  
of the dilapidated Years,  
what abound in debauchery and laziness,  
believing themselves immortals,  
in front of a wretched Life,  
which has always sold us,  
on the Stand of Destiny,  
only the greatest tip,  
of the Death,  
for which we have to thank it,  
like at Nobody Else.

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**29. The Blood that conceived us**

The Destiny breaks the Water of Life,  
starting from the Birth predestined at the Death,  
when the first cry,  
he quarrels his Eternity of the Moment,  
which has forsaken him,  
letting him swim on dry land,  
his whole Life,  
what, he has to carry her,  
on the bent backs of the Years,  
which, they have gnawed their hooves of the Hopes,  
of, so many roads,  
cut into the hard rock,  
of the Sufferings and Happinesses,  
who lead without any hesitation,  
at the Genetic Cemetery,  
of the Blood,  
that conceived us.

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**30. Further at the gates of Death**

The cut grass of the Dreams,  
from the nights of the loneliness,  
they fattened the meat of lost Moments,  
through the Labyrinths of the Forgetfulness,  
which have created us,  
the power to move on,  
through the stellar dust of the Vanity,  
which has donated us a bunch of zodiac Signs,  
whose numbers, do not match us,  
to, the Purposes,  
on which we want them, to be,  
Wonderworker,  
at the gates,  
of the Death,  
where we all knock,  
in one Day,  
when it is fulfilling enough,  
the Destiny,  
so that to he no longer wants,  
nothing from the compromised Blood,  
of the Stars,  
which have hosted us,  
the Eternity  
from the Heart of Love.

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**31. Urban**

The remnants, of, Feelings,  
thrown by the urban wealth,  
some Feelings,  
to the existential Wasting,  
of some Happinesses  
which are plucked from the roots of the own Time,  
for to be reconditioned,  
in factories of Making of Feelings,  
for to be sold,  
in the Showcases of the Brothels of the Thought,  
where each Conscience,  
has a coded number of the Destiny,  
obliged to pay fees to the Illusions of Life,  
until when the Storms of Truth,  
will break all Windows of the Days,  
covered with thick curtains of Naughtiness,  
of the Societies of Consumption,  
Absurd.

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**32. The Blood of the Free Will**

The swarms, of Commas,  
which have nothing to say to the Existence,  
they rush upon a Word,  
which, he did not understand enough the Meaning,  
of the Illusions of Life,  
unleashed,  
on Consciousness,  
which did not make them Aware,  
to the Moments,  
enough meticulously,  
the troubled Steps of the Destinies,  
when they are ceded,  
to the Stranger, Subconscious,  
what he wants to extinguish,  
the Genes torched by the Relative Truths,  
drowned in the Blood,  
of the Free Will,  
which leaves us to do anything else,  
apart from the Death,  
on which, instead to we perceive her,  
as the Absolute of the Liberation of Self,  
becomes,  
the Opposite of the Everything.

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**33. With all the follies of his Illusions**

Days, unchained by Hearts,  
are heading for the road without return,  
of the Sunsets, dirtied, with the leaked Blood,  
from the Passions of some Loves,  
on which neither the Indifference,  
so loyal to any Compromise,  
has not succeeded to understand them the Meaning,  
for which,  
All, that are created in the Universe,  
were meant to untie,  
one of the Gordian Knots,  
tied by the Creation,  
in, the drown throat of the Primordial Word,  
what somewhere-sometime,  
did not succeed say anything else,  
apart from the Death,  
as then to realize,  
that, in order to receive her approval,  
of to become the bride of the Great Universal  
Contemplation,  
from his Heart,  
has needed imminently,  
of Life,  
with all the follies of his Illusions.



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**34. Poster**

The marshes of Awareness,  
carried by the Winds of the Wilderness,  
from the virtual reality,  
of the Future,  
they dry the Consciences of the Truths,  
in so much,  
so that the flesh of their Essence,  
will remain, embalmed,  
for the delights of the Vanity,  
as long as it will hold the poster,  
the crazy and depraved Weather,  
of the Times,  
which will swim through the troubled Traces,  
of the Nightmares,  
from the genetic Cemeteries,  
of the Beatitudes,  
which, they became the stone house,  
which will never break,  
of the Death.

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**35. The astral levels of the Parallel Universes**

Never were,  
the buds of the Spring  
from the Consciousness of Death,  
more convincing,  
than when, they pulled out,  
goggles of the Life,  
to show the faces disfigured by hatred of the Illusions,  
on which the Existence has destined them,  
to be our guide,  
on the way of our duty,  
of to fight for Happiness,  
with any means we have at hand,  
apart from the Absolute Truth,  
responsible for the Awareness,  
of the all astral levels,  
of the Parallel Universes,  
which create us directly or indirectly,  
the Destiny.

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**36. At the Birth of the Absurd**

The Dream of Boundlessness,  
has frowned,  
the eyebrows of the mountains of walls,  
of the Words,  
fallen from the parental rights of the World,  
fugitive from the house of Time,  
for the Space,  
which has promised him a few extra Light Years,  
to the salary of Vanities,  
which remained unpaid,  
from before as, the Weather of the Times,  
to it be virgin,  
in the Brothel of the foolishness of a Destiny,  
who defeated her,  
forcing her,  
to gives birth to Death,  
whose Existence,  
cried after Life,  
at the Birth of the Absurd.

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**37. Nothingness and Anguish**

At the Fair of the Lives,  
the Existences sell on nothing, the Time,  
which built them the financial empire of Illusions,  
whose data banks,  
they know better than anyone,  
how much of Death, still has to pay,  
the Being,  
who has cast its own Existence of Being and the Becoming,  
to the trash can,  
of the Nightmares of the Society of Consumption,  
which produces Nothingness and Anguish,  
to the norm,  
established by mutual agreement,  
with the requirements of Paradise,  
whose Inferno,  
has become the law,  
in the hidden innards of Creation.

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**38. The Stranger of the Subconscious of Life and Death**

The Horizon of Existence,  
seems to be remained desolate by the Time,  
who cuts his bloody Passing,  
over the Sunset of some contradictory Feelings,  
what, supports the Heaven of Hopes,  
with their Steps pressed,  
which leaves deep traces,  
in the dust of the incarnation of a Moment,  
in which no one would have believed,  
that it is the Beginning and the End of the Eternity,  
from the Tears in which the Happiness has hidden its,  
the Luck,  
by swimming toward the Perfection of the Absolute Truth,  
along with the Stranger of the Subconscious,  
of the Life and Death.

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**39. But, and to Death**

Hard and deaf,  
fall the drops of molten lead,  
over the Blood,  
robbed of its own Soul,  
who became over the Night,  
of some cold and insalubrious Glances,  
robber to the highway,  
which rummages,  
through the locked nooks of the Heart,  
trying to steal her,  
the virginity of Consciousness,  
on the streets full of Truths,  
which must be taught to no longer hurt,  
then when they are revealed,  
to the Happiness  
but, and to Death,  
which flows through the veins,  
of the unforgiving Time.

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**40. Through the hideouts of the Chromosomes**

It's so much heat on the foreheads of Love,  
that they began to flow,  
The Original Sins, Obligatory,  
what were frozen,  
through the hideouts of the Chromosomes,  
in the streams of existential Tears,  
on the cheek of an inert and insensitive Time,  
aware,  
that he can no longer pass his Genes,  
on the bridge between the Being and Non-being,  
of a World,  
from the Heart of a Word,  
what, he never believed,  
in the Destiny's Church,  
which collapses in the mire,  
of a Past,  
on which neither the Future,  
no longer receives him in his guest house,  
painted by the Illusions of Life,  
for to be as welcoming as possible,  
for Death.

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**41. Without a safety helmet**

Leave for me, Lord,  
the death in peace,  
because I want that all the Moments,  
they to understand how important are,  
the Swords of the Knowledge,  
in the living flesh of the Happiness,  
sold per kilogram,  
to the Humanity,  
who is not allowed to eat it,  
being sick of fats,  
in the omnipresent Blood,  
of some Gene,  
beheaded,  
who gave us a gift, the Absurd,  
of a Death,  
who froze us,  
the Glances,  
unannounced,  
that they will die,  
of the Primordial Word,  
who skates and today,  
on the Soul of the World,  
without a safety helmet.



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**42. Emergency Ordinance**

The charmed palms,  
drawn over the blushing cheeks of the Creation,  
by, so many Congratulations,  
due to the Death,  
bored by the Smiles of the Flowers,  
who have found us again,  
petal with petal,  
the Death,  
from the salty corner with invectives,  
of the Illusions,  
what, they have no other chance,  
than to write to the Heaven,  
that they agree with the Destiny,  
who came as Emergency Ordinance,  
from the desolate Creator,  
of Laws,  
drowned in the arms of a Life,  
of a Nobody,  
on which no one wants,  
to bury her,

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in the Wilderness,  
of un-chance,  
from the Blood of Genes,  
lost in the Memories of a Past,  
washed a long time ago than the Weather,  
on, the Soles fallen in the Mire,  
of the Innocence and Virginity.

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**43. The Lamp Shield**

The Creator has stolen us the Virginity of Moments,  
at the table of the Silence of the Words,  
where we had to lose,  
the Lamp Shield,  
of the Free Will,  
who loved madly the Existence,  
for to remain with the eyes lacking,  
by the hard Light of the Despair,  
recycled on the forehead fallen in disgrace,  
of the Time,  
convicted,  
to he count his each Moment,  
until when the Death,  
it will divide him,  
by himself.

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**44. The Inquisition of Knowledge**

The lattices, of melted Sun,  
illuminates the rooms of the Soul,  
from the Inquisition of Knowledge,  
who gave us the Divine Light,  
of the Death.

Heavy padlocks of, Consciousness,  
they stand rusty,  
from before being the Existence,  
waiting to be broken,  
by the Destiny robber,  
of the Creation of the Organized Crime,  
of the Consumption Society,  
which gave birth to us,  
unappealable,  
the Moral.

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**45. Living Space**

How much Freedom,  
would have had the Existence,  
when he agreed to die,  
for to give birth to Life?

Which Destiny,  
would have succeeded to write his Book of Victory,  
if the Eternity,  
would have received him,  
in her Living Space,  
of the Cemeteries,  
from the Genes of the Blood,  
of the Birth  
who sold us to the Death?

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**46. Source of the Birth of the Multiuniverses**

The millstones of the Temporary Passing,  
hung,  
by the bloody shroud,  
of the Clouds,  
from the tortured and stigmatized Words,  
by the Existence,  
whose Purpose,  
is the Determination of the Existence of Being,  
as a Cause,  
of the Awareness of Self,  
the true source of the Birth of the Multiuniverses,  
with all their astral levels,  
spread among the fingers,  
of the Personalizations of the Person,  
whose Great Contemplation,  
defines,  
new Worlds,  
stigmatized,  
by the Spiritual Energy of Knowledge.

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**47. The Paradigm of Eternity**

The irony of the Making of the Worlds,  
consists in the necessary slippages,  
to creating Death,  
as a Paradigm of Existence.

Liberalization of the exchange rate,  
of the Eternity of the Moment,  
has led to the collapse of Time,  
because anyone could afford Eternity,  
without too much effort,  
such that his own Existence,  
to drown,  
in the Water of Life of Beyond,  
where the Paradigm of Eternity,  
has realized that it could not divide itself,  
in fragments chipped by any Destiny,  
because otherwise it would become,  
Ephemeral,  
dying.

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**48. The Criminal Hierarchy of the System**

The consciences,  
have collapsed on the Towers, of Churches,  
of the Thoughts,  
blinded by the Faith,  
in the Life of the Blood, of, Beyond,  
whose Genes would characterize the Eternity,  
of a messianic and aphrodisiac temporality,  
in a criminal Paradise,  
of the Sex and opulence,  
donated in the form of stipends,  
for the Vote full of promiscuity,  
in favor of the institutionalized Holiness,  
in increasing and decreasing the Money,  
donated to the Cults of the Absurd,  
of the Society of Consumption, the Famine,  
of Priority,  
in the Criminal Hierarchy of the System.



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**49. The Cemetery of the deserted Veins**

The roots of the existential Awareness,  
of the Making,  
they pierce the garments of Death,  
to extract her sap,  
who gives Life,  
to a World of vanity,  
full of messianic sarcasm,  
immersed in the river of an Existence,  
who no longer washes,  
the feet without concrete Steps of the Time,  
letting him to laze,  
in his own Blood,  
through which flows,  
the Cemetery of the deserted Veins,  
of Love.

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**50. The Amniotic Liquid of the Existence of Being**

Laughter, sinister,  
of Days imprisoned in its own Self,  
they break the tired and counterfeit echoes,  
of Knowledge,  
which wants to be the Absolute Truth,  
in the Dream of Existence,  
sheltered on the partially open window,  
of the Eyes of Heaven,  
who look at us, carelessly  
from the pulpit of the Stranger, Subconscious,  
whose existential Respiration,  
we became,  
ever since we swam for the first time,  
in the Amniotic Liquid,  
of the Existence of Being.

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**51. Avatar and Death**

The unwritten dowry of Existence,  
consists in her Avatar,  
which is Death,  
another incarnation of Existence of Being,  
from before to be the Time of dissolution,  
of the Existential Fecundity,  
the most skillful killer,  
of the Genes that are fighting,  
with every Day of the Slaughter,  
between the Sunrise and the Sunset,  
for to remain with the Hope,  
that somewhere sometime,  
they will find a Blood clear enough,  
to set up a house,  
of a Future,  
un-sentenced,  
to his own past,  
who pulls him in the depths,  
of the Death of Self.

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**52. The Democracy of Freedom and Happiness**

Lattices of Existence,  
they sit crouched,  
on the humble knees,  
of the Original Sins,  
which have defiled us the Blood of Eternal Moments,  
turning it into existential Yokes,  
at which to we put in harness, the Destinies,  
priced with the honor of being the Animals of Burden,  
which to they carry the weight of the World's Spindle,  
up to the top of the mountain of the Transgressions,  
where to weave,  
without ceasing,  
shirts of force and handcuffs,  
for the Democracy,  
of the Freedom and Happiness.

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**53. At the advertising and packaging department**

How many Souls,  
they were incarnate in the Lumps of clay,  
of the Seven Wonders of the World ?,  
falling from the scaffoldings of the Paradise,  
direct,  
at the advertising and packaging department,  
from the Inferno of to Do and to Undo,  
of diabolical Consciousnesses,  
who have built the Hierarchy,  
of the Consumption Society,  
of the Happiness of Money?

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**54. The grace of yesteryear**

Fragments of Light Years,  
they stand hidden through the Darkness of some  
Consciences,  
of the Consumption Society,  
what is still trying,  
to come out at the shore,  
of the Great Universal Contemplation,  
who gave birth to them,  
the grace of yesteryear,  
when, they were running through Endlessness,  
making the Time,  
who caught them in his nets,  
determining without his will,  
the Knowledge and Creation,  
of the World.

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**55. Opposites and contradictions**

The smoke of the factories, of, existential Steps,  
of the Words, filthy rich,  
have left deep Traces,  
in the lungs of the Consciousness of an Eternity,  
who can no longer breathe its Existence,  
among the poisoned Baskets of Abundance,  
Darker and Darker,  
which are lost in the bitter and sadistic fog,  
of the Opposites and Contradictions,  
material and social,  
who feed with each other,  
until when they will no longer remain,  
nor the bleached bones of the Memories,  
scattered through the dust,  
in which somewhere - sometime,  
the Relative Truths of Illusions were embodied.

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**56. How real are the Shadows**

The traps to catch Genes,  
have been put through all the existential nooks,  
of the obsessed Blood,  
by the disease of Evolutionist Perfection,  
of the Original Sin, Obligatory,  
which is spreading upon the Consciousness,  
like a Cancer of the Great Universal Contemplation,  
to whom the Absolute Truth it was stolen,  
sent to the World,  
to show us,  
how real are the Shadows,  
in which we have incarnated,  
the Dreams of the Existence.



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**57. The Vanity of the Vanities**

The ears of the Universe have lost their hearing,  
when was about  
as the Existence,  
to it receive a helping hand,  
from the Absolute Truth,  
the only one who could have told her,  
what namely Contemplates,  
regarding her Dream,  
of to create,  
the Conscience,  
of the Knowledge,  
which are most often,  
the heavy Walls carved in hard rock,  
of the Vanity of the Vanities,  
in whose dust,  
we were destined to incarnate,  
the sweat of the orphan Days,  
by the own Sun of the Happiness.

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**58. Whereas the Personalizations of the Person**

Existential nightmares,  
over which it descends the sunset of Eternity,  
whereas the Personalizations of the Person,  
have not been sufficiently justifiable,  
when they made,  
Society of Consumption of Hopes,  
depressed and cold,  
fallen to the Soles of Death,  
to whom we worship and owe,  
the whole Emptiness of the Primordial Word,  
in which we live,  
The Illusion of Life.

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**59. So Lucky**

Determination has become the foundation of Existence of  
Being,  
when the horseshoes of Existence,  
were so Lucky,  
so that they can be Aware of,  
the path of the Primordial Word,  
on which have trampled, the hooves of the free horses,  
of the Primordial Dream,  
from which sprang the Flower of the first Smile,  
picked up by the obedient and helpful Time,  
to carry the tray of Creation,  
at the existential mass of the Stellar Dust,  
from where the Creator is served,  
with new and new,  
Slices of Astral Worlds,  
from the meat,  
of the Great Universal Contemplation.

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**60. Making the World, on which we live it daily**

The Genesis of Creation,  
is a becoming of the Existence of Being,  
where the Primordial Event,  
has become Aware that it exists,  
under the starry Sky of a Dream,  
which would have passed unnoticed,  
once with the Darkness of the Nothingness,  
if it had not been so cold for him,  
the Great Creator and Unique Incidentally,  
so that to wish,  
the incarnation of the Dream,  
in Augmental Reality,  
of the Illusions of Life,  
making the World,  
on which we live it daily,  
dedicated entirely,  
at the Death,  
for which we were born.

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**61. Completing the existential Dreams**

The Determinism,  
is the surrogate by which the Existence,  
it can scream at the unforgiving Time,  
with its own Self,  
but also with the Worlds,  
of the Primordial Words or not,  
on which it governs them,  
completing the existential Dreams,  
of the Relative Truths,  
on which the Absolute Lies,  
they kill them sometimes,  
with the denials of their own negations,  
of the Consciousnesses,  
transposed,  
in Augmental Realities,  
only good of to be caught,  
by a strong Nightmare,  
what creates social Laws,  
among the souls detached from, the Tree of Knowledge,  
which they lie on the alleys of the Cemeteries,  
of contradictory Feelings,  
of the Death.

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**62. With a brick through the fences**

The worlds,  
they just barely stand,  
on, the rusty axles of Destinies,  
dizzy,  
of so much, rotation of some Morals,  
disinterested and unbalanced,  
through the Churches of Humility,  
that neither the retrograde carriage of Conscience,  
it can no longer carry the Existence,  
as before,  
when she was dressed of gala,  
without to longer throw with a brick,  
through the fences of Knowledge,  
and the Absolute Truth,  
he adored her presence,  
at the Gala of the Happiness,  
where each time,  
surely,  
has won,  
The Death.

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**63. At the Fortress of the Existential Luck**

The dice of Existence of Being,  
were thrown into the head of Creation,  
whose Destiny,  
began to cry out desperately,  
at the Fortress of the Existential Luck,  
as to be opened to him, the gates of the Horseshoes,  
which have lost their hooves,  
of the Evolutionist Becoming,  
in the Dry Fountain of Self-Consciousness,  
which flows slowly but surely,  
on the forehead of the Absurd,  
at whose feet, will, meet again the Nothingness,  
the one who Do and Undo, Everything,  
of the Worlds.

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**64. The Great Universal Mistake**

The Creator put his headphones of the Consciousness,  
on the forehead of the Existence,  
so that he can never hear,  
the laments of the Great Universal Mistake,  
of the Contemplation,  
which determined the involutive Evolution,  
of Awareness of the Self,  
saved at the last minute,  
by the Subconscious Stranger,  
of a Creator Factor, and, Unique Incidentally,  
on which we did not want him, to be God,  
due to the Illusions of Life,  
who, in exchange for Him,  
they have created us the hungry Churches after the Savior,  
and the Original Sins,  
which must be Saved.



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**65. The Right judgment of the Crime**

The only landmark,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
is Death,  
which is substituted by the Existence,  
through the Right judgment of the Crime,  
of to be Aware of,  
the Happiness,  
what can not have obstacles,  
in no Knowledge,  
of the Pain,  
which the Holy Fathers of the Vanity,  
have been bidding her at the highest price,  
of some Faiths,  
from the Blood,  
of the Original Sins, Obligatory,  
distributed without any discrimination,  
in the manger of the Souls,  
what they did not realize,

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that we are animals of burden,  
good for to pull the yoke of the Time,  
on the foreheads of the Hearts,  
who did no longer beat, the Fulfillments,  
for us,  
a while ago, than the Universe,  
of the Absolute Truth.

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**66. A World mentally unbalanced**

The Great Universal Contemplation,  
did not want for the wedding of Existence,  
a Time,  
on, the measure of Expectations destroyed,  
on the perron gnawed by Passions  
of the Universe,  
of the Vanity.

And then he chose Death,  
which to define,  
the ratio between Pain and Happiness,  
on the alleys of the Cemeteries,  
of some scared Feelings,  
by the Existence,  
who they chose to commit suicide,  
by Loving,  
in a World mentally unbalanced,  
of her own Self.

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**67. On the Veranda of the Non-Sense**

The ontology of pleasure,  
has donated us the Death of self,  
of the Gnoseology of Spirituality,  
on which, we have incarcerated her,  
in Churches with payment, at the Box of the Mercy,  
foreign to the Subconscious Stranger, Existential,  
what would have had more to say,  
than the entire Horizon, of Passions,  
which is hiding in the mist of the Night,  
of the sheltered Souls,  
on the veranda of the Non-Sense of Existence.

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**68. Replacement**

Not the coaxial Worlds of astral levels,  
they gave birth the Coaxialism,  
but their connections,  
which have created for them an Unique Axle,  
in the posture of a person,  
whose Personalization,  
revolves the whole mechanism,  
of the Becoming and Existence of Being,  
and established the evolutionary or involutive rules,  
of the Existence,  
often subjected to the perversions of the Illusion,  
which, deforms its purpose,  
replacing the true Death,  
with Life,  
and Life,  
with Suffering.

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**69. The Cosmic Dust of the Existential Absurd**

The Connections of Knowledge,  
have interfered with, the Ontological, existential,  
through the Becoming, and the Gnoseological Existence of  
Being,  
determining,  
The Determinism of incarnation,  
in Matter ,  
of the Hope,  
of to Exist,  
on a random substrate,  
of some Genes,  
whose properties,  
have become a complexed Complex of the World,  
who barely crawls its,  
particle of, Existence,  
through a Cosmic Dust,  
of the existential Absurd,  
what, he gets to blind them  
even and the image of the Death.

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**70. Ontological and Gnoseological Processes**

The Lines, of, force, of the Consciousness,  
are the Creation and Death,  
which links all the existential Meanings of the Universe,  
in a metaphysical bouquet,  
of evolutionary and involutive processes,  
Ontological and Gnoseological,  
of Awareness of Self,  
by which any thing,  
or Universe,  
with all its Personalizations,  
becomes existent,  
only if is known.

Without Knowledge does not exist the Creation.

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**71. The Gnoseological Derivation**

The Language of Universal Unique Conscience,  
is a Gnoseological Derivation,  
of the Primordial Word,  
conceived by the Unique Event Incidentally,  
which determined the Energy,  
transformed into Knowledge,  
to possess a variety,  
of Cognitive, Volitive and Affective Valences,  
which to gather the Awareness,  
of an Universe,  
created by, the Thought,  
which holds himself desperately with the hands of the  
Dreams,  
by, the shores of the Illusions,  
without of which,  
he would die drowned in the Nothingness.



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**72. They give without fail**

Life is an Illusion,  
whose Augmental Reality,  
is found in any thing,  
which it can become useful,  
to the Existence of the Being in Death,  
whose fences,  
are much taller,  
than all the evolutionary stages,  
of the Existence,  
taken together,  
and, put on the scales, falsified,  
by the Happenings Non-Incidentally,  
of the Creation,  
what, still lives,  
through the Heart of Destiny,  
who beats his own Time,  
with its biological clocks,  
what they give without fail,  
the exact time of Cemeteries,  
from our Hopes and Aspirations,  
of to live Happily.

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**73. Disinfectant lotion**

Freedom is an existentially landmark, variable,  
just like and the Love,  
on which if you have them,  
you never know how much you can use them,  
stretching the rope of Destiny,  
which keeps us anchored,  
by the Augmental Reality of Existence,  
aware that under us,  
it opens, the chasm without edges,  
of the Death of Self,  
which shows us the Free Will of Illusions,  
on which we wash and comb them,  
every morning of the Thoughts,  
to which we continually add them,  
the best disinfectant lotion,  
of Memories,  
more or less,  
compromised.

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**74. The Chickenpox of the Happenings**

The paradox,  
has become the existential bread of Illusions of Life,  
without which no Eternity of Moment,  
it would not stand at the mercy,  
of a single fragment of Existence,  
on the greasy table of this World,  
full of the Chickenpox, of the Happenings,  
to the trash can of some Histories,  
on which nor a Time, that respects itself,  
he would not want them near him,  
even if he is a homeless man,  
indebted beyond measure,  
in the debts he has to pay,  
to Death.

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**75. The existential Shadow of the World**

The Person of the Awareness,  
is Personalized,  
in the Laws of Illusions and Realities,  
of a Becoming,  
who proposed his Existence of Being,  
as a spare wheel,  
if the Death,  
would no longer have the Eternity,  
with which to feed,  
at the table of the Absolute Truth,  
who considers it,  
The Unique Incidentally Reality,  
of the Everything,  
which is mirrored,  
in its Contraries, Absolute,  
true or false,  
and the reflected Image,  
is, the existential Shadow,  
of the our World.

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**76. A delicate Question**

The Existence,  
is a delicate Question,  
of Self-Consciousness,  
which is reflected abusive,  
in a Free Will that does not exist in a Reality,  
of Absolute Contraries,  
where the Time,  
no longer exists as landmark and dimension,  
but only as a distinct element,  
of Metaphysical Awareness,  
becoming again the transcendent binder,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
which unites the astral level of the World,  
with the Eternity.

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**77. The existential scams**

Dimensions are characteristics,  
on which the Genes of the Illusions of Life have received  
them,  
as landmarks of the Conscious Feelings,  
through which the Physical World of Existence,  
is united with the Spiritual one,  
in an Evolutionist thesis,  
of the Becoming and Existence of Being,  
of a Denial of Negation,  
through which the Relative Truths,  
they move their Lies from one to another,  
trying to they become credible,  
to the existential scams,  
of a World in drift.

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